

Nichols

HUMAN

NEWS, & C.

FUL ARTS

RE.

old. A neighbor, on the southern slope
a steep hill a little way beyond, seemed
indeed to have a large and healthy vine

But I did not go to inspect it; I felt that had not the "push" to enable me to succeed in the vine culture on the land under the hill, and immediately concluded not to go.

I couldn't think of footing it back through the mud to Hartford, and so I was close to the New Haven road and not far from a station, I went that way, and sought the accommodation train, South.

I found myself in New York next morning, heading for the ferry boat which was to take me to Vanderbilt's Landing, Staten Island. It had stopped raining, but the straggling clouds were drifting across the sky, driven by a chilling northwest wind. The water was very rough down the bay, and very noisy at the landing.

A ride by rail to the southern part of

Staten Island farm. Then I faced the bridge and the mud, and finally stood on the

Here again disappointment met me; barren, uncultivated, fenceless fields found—except an old barn partly with hay of an inferior quality, and a few trees to be used in preparing it for market. The owner had no house to sell, no trees, nothing but the sandy, worn-out land, and the old barn. The man who owned it could be seen every New York, but as an interview was not possible, I reached Philadelphia in time for the evening train, and was met by a friend who took me to Philadelphia as quickly as possible.

Cape May train and arrived in Vine about sunset. The country along the did not look very promising, as we approached Vineland; I noted the color

thickness of the surface soil along the bottom of the road, and thought it was not what I would call good at the North. However, it was new to me, and I might be wrong in my estimate of its character; I was open to conviction. The country was very new or old, it was hard to say which. A loquacious fellow-passenger said it had been stripped of its original timber long ago, and that the dwarfish forests we saw were only a second growth.

more guests than he could well accom-
date. There was quite a gathering on
the porch, and the guests were just
beginning to be seated when the sky was
suddenly darkened by a heavy shower of
rain. The guests were all wet and the
party was soon over.

of the morning was
sensibly warmer than I had experienced
the last few days at the North; all of us
impressed me favorably for Vineland.

Large sweet potatoes hanging on the walls
the public room showed that there was
abundance in the soil, and some more of
super table proved that they were of a
good quality.

After supper I took a moonlight stroll
through the streets and saw that the
city was very well laid out. Wide, green
streets, bordered with newly set trees,
small walks showed the good taste of
the architects. Two or three tall chimneys

sentinel-like in the distance, showed that provision was being made for art as well as agriculturists; the balmy air

I got a good deal of information before going to bed, from the crowd in the parlor, and considerable more from my next neighbor, after retiring. We could all sleep in the hotel proper, so the Lord conducted several of us to another place near by and showed us into an unfinished building filled with beds, where we passed the night.

Vineland looked very pretty by day also; it was indeed well laid out, and promise of becoming an attractive and

ance place of residence at least. That was just rolling enough for good roads and the dwellings nest and tasteful. go ahead air seemed to pervade the that was very refreshing; vines and fruits were being plentifully planted, as were being graded, houses were being strangers were looking about and the notes, railroad trains were passing everything going on that is necessary bring a new place rapidly forward. I Vineland at first sight—but I found, that it would take a good deal of more go there and open a farm, build, and

things in a condition to derive a fair support from it. It would take time and money, more than I had to spare—a

Building material was high in Vineland, and the cost of land would be a small item compared with other necessary expenditures. After a couple of days of looking over the place and making all the calculations, I began to feel rather despondent at accomplishing my wish for the means at hand, and turned sobersidedward.

I returned to Philadelphia and passed the night, and then came back to New York.

a new route, that I might get a look at cheap lands in the eastern part of New Jersey. I did not stop; the view I got riding through the country was such

It was raining and the wind blowing from the north-east as we left the railroad pier and steamed up past the island to New York. I hurried to the deck to see the arrival, and was

time to go on that night. In an hour we were round in the East River, up to Blackwell's Island, and feeling the fu-

of the wind, which was now dead and
was too much for our top-heavy boat

